



GENESIS

STARMAN

35
\$2.25 US
\$3.25 CAN
OCT 97



INFERNAL
CONFLICT!



#.97

ROBINSON • YEOWELL • HARRIS • VON GRAWBADGER

CLEAR.

HIS MIND
IS CLEAR.

NOW,
FINALLY.

AS CLEAR
AS A BELL.

AS CLEAR AS COOL
CREEK WATER ON A
SUMMER'S AFTERNOON.

AS CLEAR AS THE AIR
NOW THE FOG THAT
WAS THERE HAS LEFT.

AS CLEAR AS
BLUE SKIES.

AS CLEAR AS A
BLUE-SKINNED
ALIEN'S THOUGHTS.

HE CAN TALK. HE CAN
THINK. AND RARELY DOES
THE STILL SOFT ALERT--

HELLO,
MICHAEL.

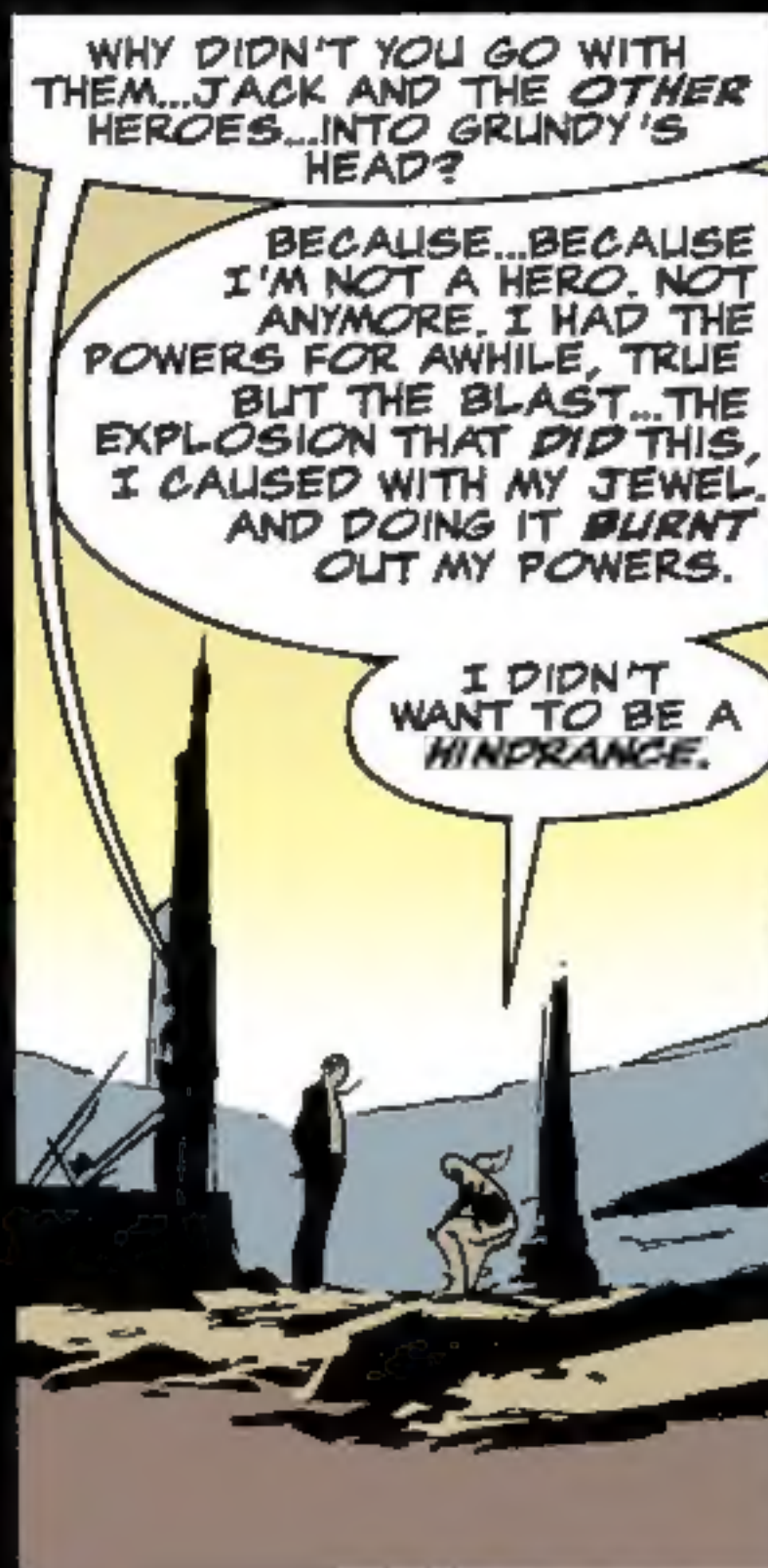
--RARELY DOES THE ALIEN
WAY OF CONNECTING
WORDS AND PHRASES
HIT HIM LIKE IT DID.

IF ONLY HE COULD REMEMBER
HIS PAST. THE PRICE FOR A
LUCID EXISTENCE...A LUCID
PRESENT IS A PAST HAZIER
THAN A BROKEN GONG, MUDDY
WINTER CREEK WATER, THE
FOG STILL HERE AND CLOUDY
SKIES...ALL PUT TOGETHER.

BUT HE REMEMBERS
GRUNDY. HE REMEMBERS
GRUNDY WAS HIS FRIEND.

AND NOW GRUNDY IS DEAD.





TED IS A KIND MAN, BUT I KNOW HAVING A BIG, BLUE FOOL STUMBLING AROUND GETTING IN THE WAY OF HIS RESEARCH, CAN'T BE FUN.

HE DIDN'T SAY THAT TO YOU?

YOU KNOW TED HE'D NEVER SAY THAT. BUT I COULD SENSE IT WAS SO.



ANYWAY, YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION. NOT THE SECOND PART, ANYWAY. WHY DID YOU COME PERSONALLY TO CHECK ON ME?

IT'S MY JOB. I TAKE MY JOB SERIOUSLY.

AND... AND...



YES?

WELL, TO BE HONEST, YOU, JACK AND TED, YOU'RE TOGETHER, BUT YOU'RE ALL APART. THAT, EXCUSE THE PUN, IS SO ALIEN TO ME.

ME, I'M FROM A BIG IRISH FAMILY. ME WITH MY WIFE IN A MILLION. I'M NEVER ALONE AND I DON'T EVER WANT TO BE.



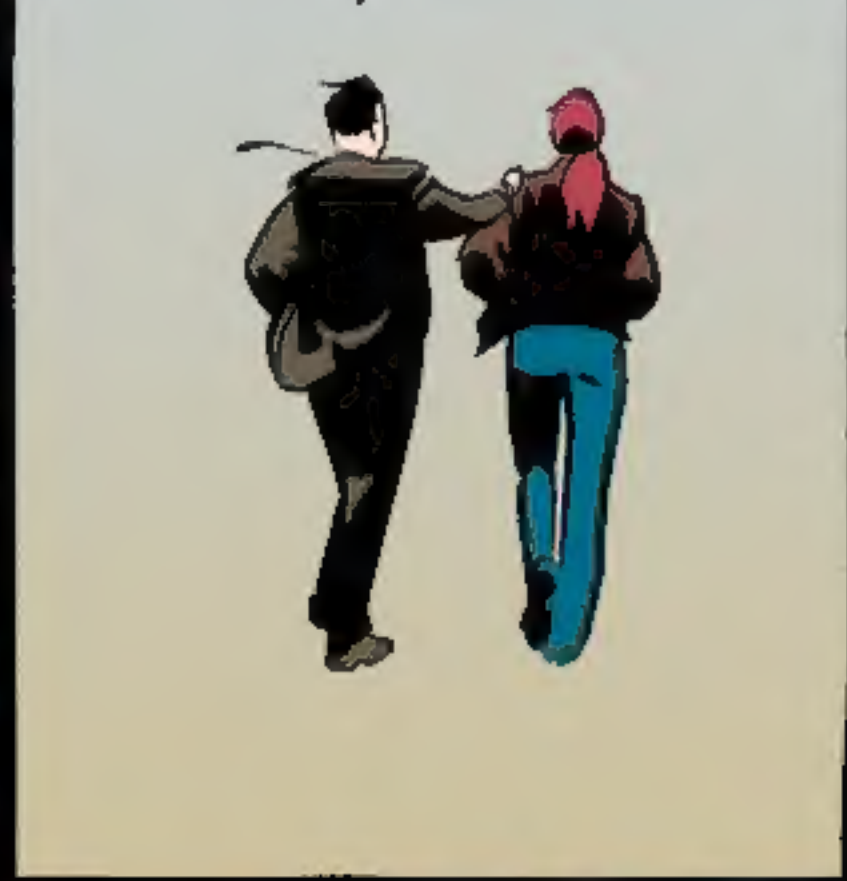
AND I WANT YOU THREE TO FEEL YOU'RE PART OF MY FAMILY. I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU TO EVER THINK YOU'RE ALONE.

TH... THANK YOU.



FOR WHAT? BEING MY FATHER'S SON? COME ON, IT'S COLD UP HERE. KILLER WINDS. BE GLAD WHEN THEY START RECONSTRUCTION ON THIS TOP FLOOR. BEAUTIFUL BUILDING.

MUST BE WEIRD FOR ALL THE RESIDENTS...AND WORKERS TOO IN THE LOWER LEVEL OFFICES...ALL OF THEM...



...KNOWING WHERE THEY ARE HASN'T GOT A TOP TO IT.



Mr. Pip and Mr. Black

JAMES ROBINSON - writer
STEVE YEOWELL pg. 1-17
TONY HARRIS pg. 18-22

pencils

WADE VON GRAWBADGER - inks
GREGORY WRIGHT - colors
OAKLEY/N.J.Q. - letters
CHUCK KIM - assistant editor
ARCHIE GOODWIN - editor

SO WHAT NOW?

MESKIN MEDICAL

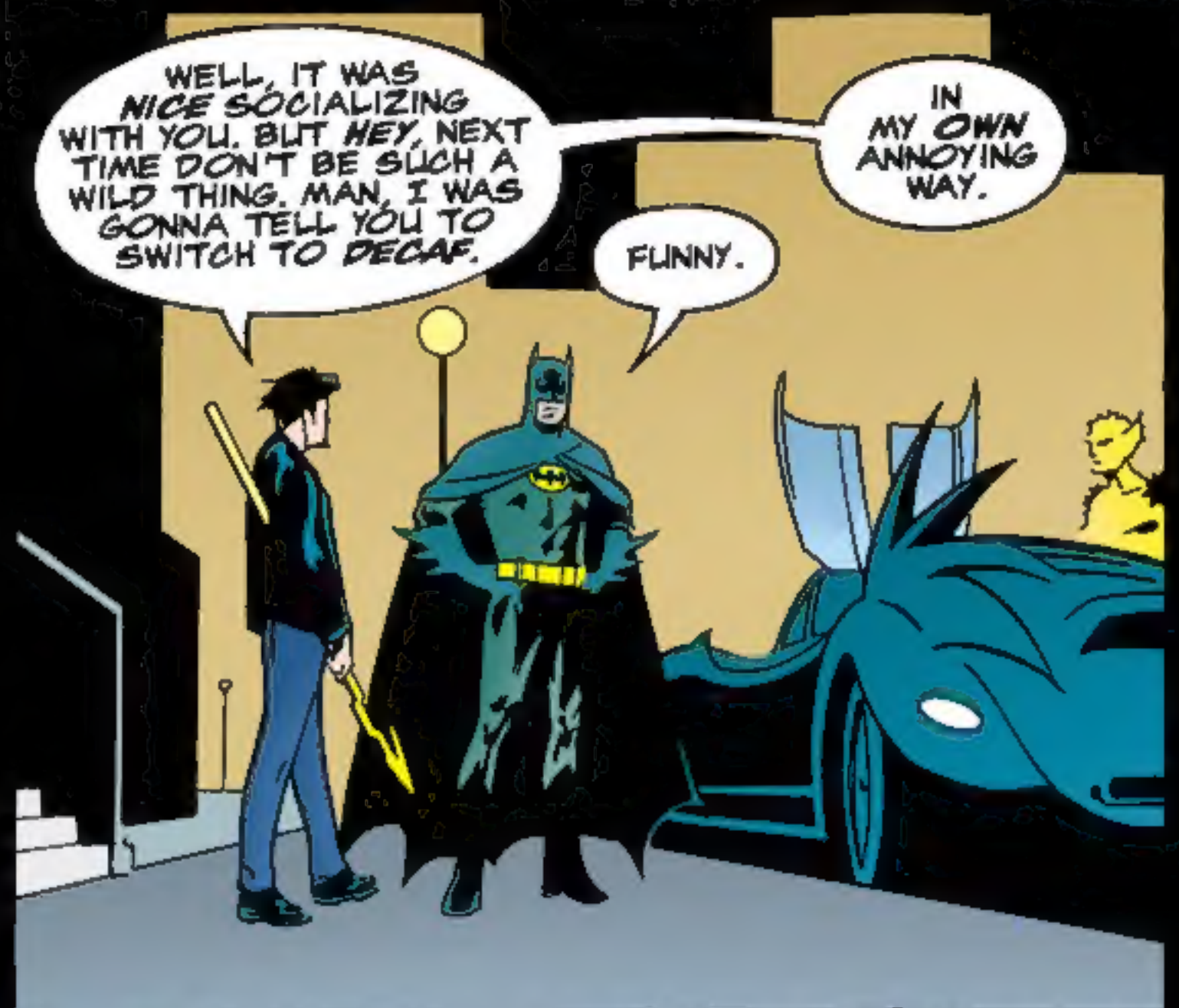


I HAVE TO GO. I NEED TO GET WOODRUE BACK TO ARKHAM AND I'VE BEEN AWAY FROM MY CITY TOO LONG.

WELL, IT WAS NICE SOCIALIZING WITH YOU. BUT HEY, NEXT TIME DON'T BE SUCH A WILD THING. MAN, I WAS GONNA TELL YOU TO SWITCH TO DECAF.

FUNNY.

IN MY OWN ANNOYING WAY.





SO, JACK, I'M LOOKING FOR A NICE YOUNG MAN FOR MY DAUGHTER. SHE'S A LITTLE WILD. AND SHE HAS THE WORST LUCK WITH MEN. HER LAST BOYFRIEND BECAME A SUPERVILLAIN.



BLUMMER. THAT'S GOTTA OUCH.

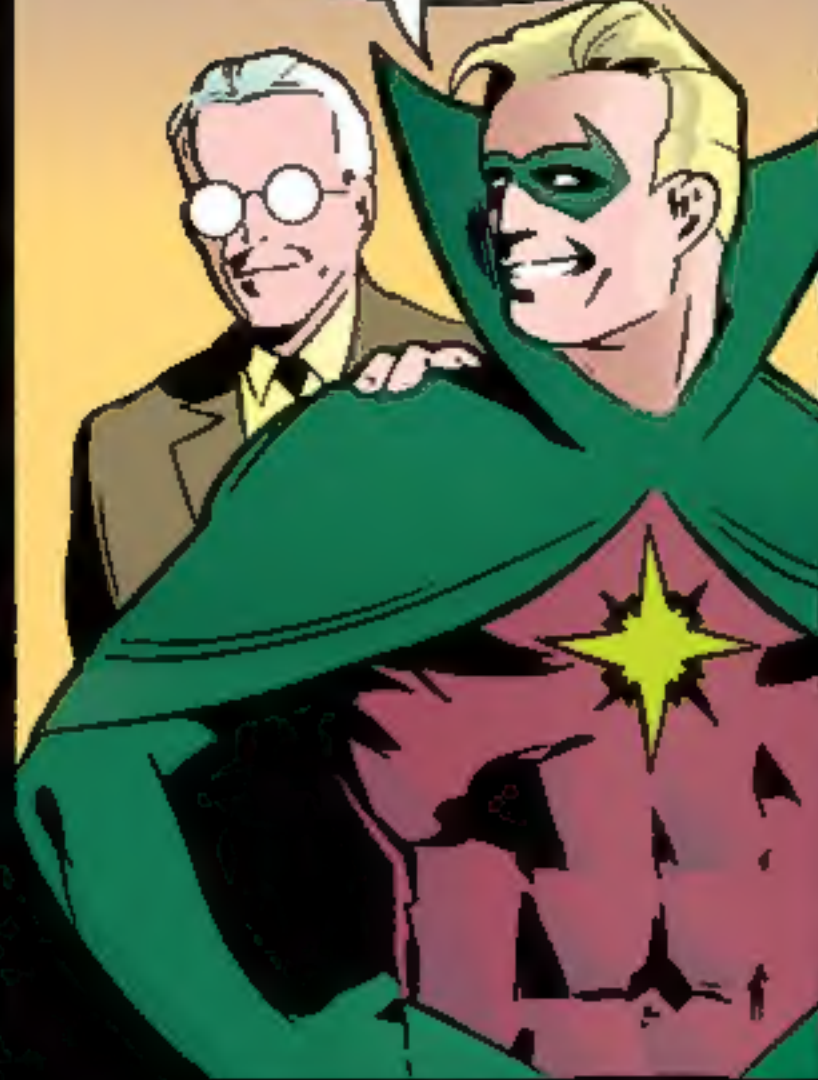


MAN, A WHILE AGO I WOULD HAVE JUMPED AT MEETING A CUTIE LIKE JADE. BUT...AT THE MOMENT, I'M SEEING SOMEONE.



SO WHAT ABOUT YOU, ALAN? YOU'RE LEAVING, TOO?

IN A WHILE. I THOUGHT I'D SPEND A LITTLE TIME WITH YOU, TED. CATCH UP ON THINGS.



GOOD IDEA. WANT TO COME ALONG JACK?

ERR... I'LL MEET YOU LATER, MAYBE.



FIRST THERE'S SOMEONE I GOTTA SEE...

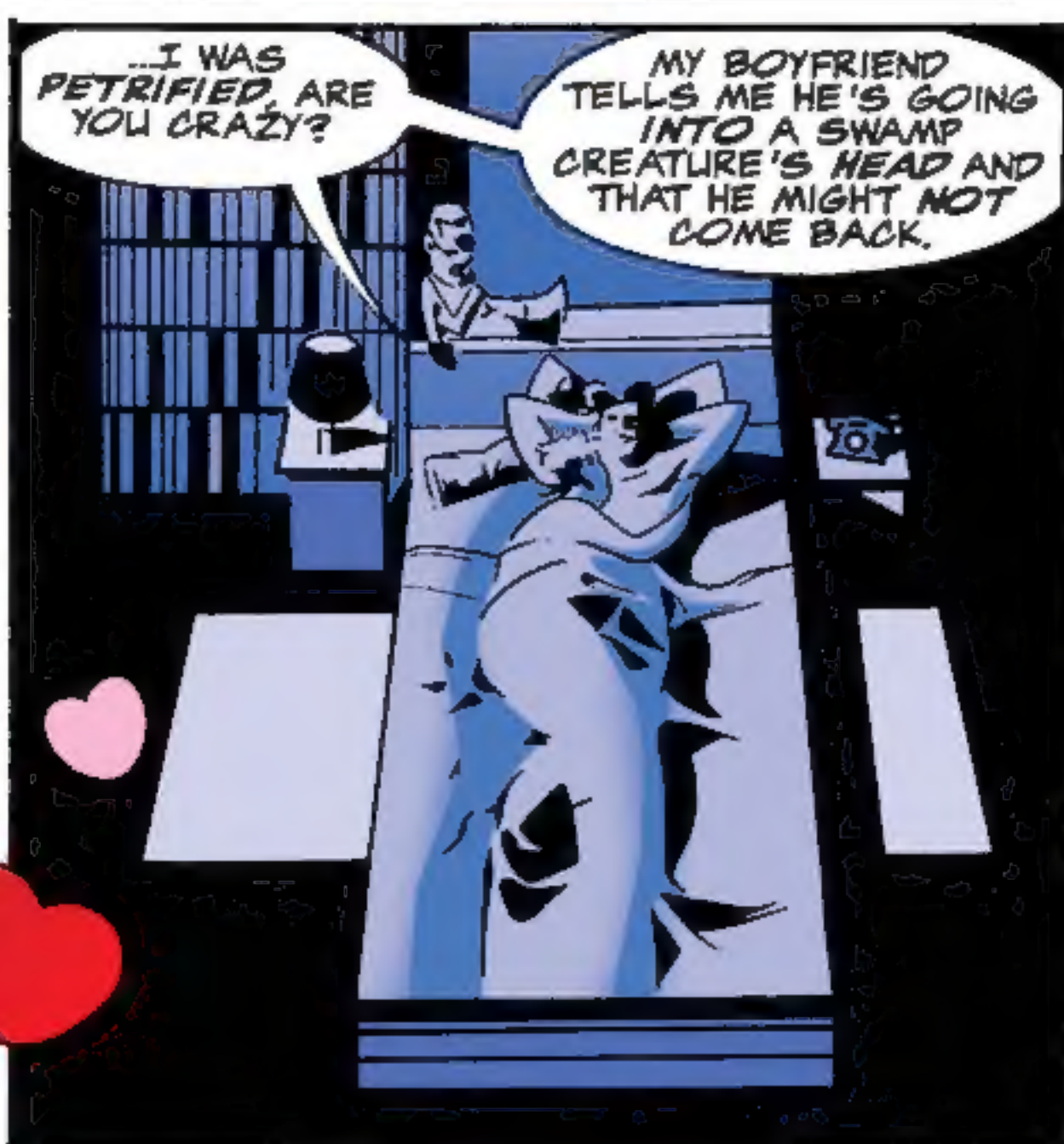


"...I GOT SOME CATCHING UP TO DO MYSELF."



"...I WAS PETRIFIED. ARE YOU CRAZY?"

MY BOYFRIEND TELLS ME HE'S GOING INTO A SWAMP CREATURE'S HEAD AND THAT HE MIGHT NOT COME BACK.



BUT YOU DID COME BACK.

GOD, I FEEL BAD, HON. I FEEL LIKE I FAILED GRINDY. AND WHEN WE WERE IN THERE, I FELT USELESS.

I COULDN'T DO A THING RIGHT.



IT WAS MY DAD. HE SAVED ALL OUR BUTTS. BOY, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM.

HE MADE YOU PROUD, HUH?

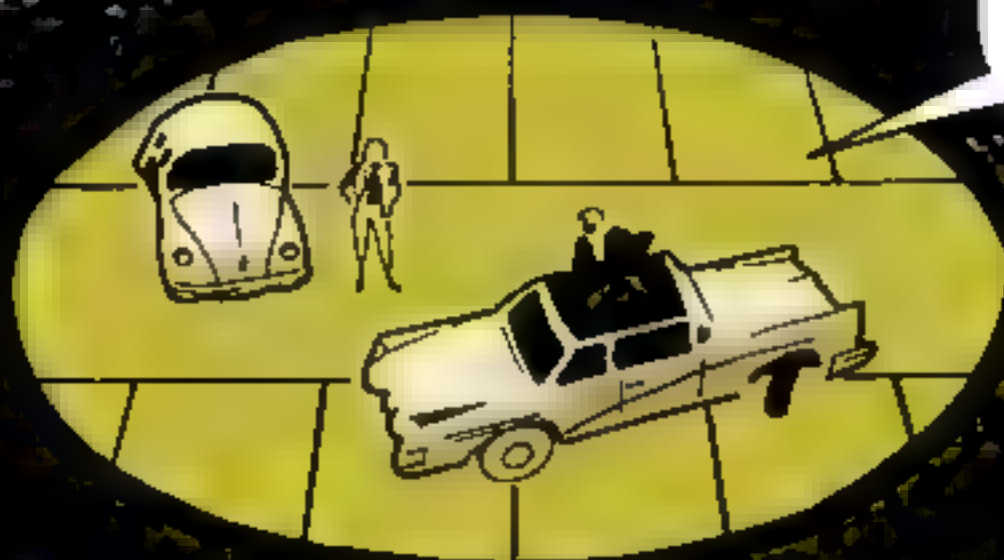
LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE.







I'M
GLAD YOU
CAME, MATT.



LIKE
YOU ASKED. WHAT
IS IT? I FIGURED FROM
YOUR TONE AND ALL
THAT THIS WASN'T A
BROTHER AND SISTER
HAPPY THING.

NO. I...

...AM
FAR FROM
HAPPY.

YOU
KNOW WHAT
MY CASE HAS
BEEN THESE
LAST FEW
DAYS?

PIP.

YEAH, DR. PIP...
FINDING A MOTIVE
TO HIS MADNESS. I
HAD TO DO A LOT OF
DIGGING. ~~SCRAPED~~
AROUND AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE
BARREL FOR SOME
ANSWERS.

THE
BOTTOM.

AND YOU KNOW
WHAT ELSE I
DUG UP?

ME.

WHACCKK!

YOU, YEAH.
MATT, MATT, HOW
COULD YOU HAVE DONE
IT...**DRUGS, BRIBERY,
ENFORCEMENT!** HOW
COULD YOU HAVE BEEN SO
MIIRED IN CORRUPTION?!
YOU'RE AN O'DARE, FOR
GOD'S SAKE!



I
DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU MANAGED
TO KEEP IT **SECRET**
FOR SO LONG!
THAT IN ITSELF IS
IMPRESSIVE!

IF IT'S
ANY EXCUSE, I'VE
CHANGED, HOPE. I HAD
A **COMPLETE TURN-
AROUND.** I'M NOT THE
MAN I WAS.



YOU AND
EBENEZER SCROOGE,
HUH? WELL, IF YOU
WEREN'T AWARE, CHARLES
DICKENS WROTE FICTION!
THIS IS REALITY AND
I'M NOT SURE WHAT
TO DO ABOUT
YOU!

THE SHADE.

WHAT?

THE SHADE IS
GOING TO HELP. HE
SAID IF I WAS **TRUE** TO MY
INTENTIONS...REFORMING AND
ALL, HE'D **HELP** ME
ELIMINATE ANY WAY THAT MY
PAST COULD REAR UP
AND **BITE** ME ON THE
ASS LIKE IT HAS
NOW.

WHY
WOULD HE DO
THAT?

IT'S A
BIT OF A LONG
STORY, BUT HE
BELIEVES IN ME. WHY
WOULDN'T YOU? DIDN'T I
GO TO HELL FOR THE
GOOD OF THINGS?
THAT **MUST** SAY
SOMETHING.



IT MIGHT,
IT MIGHT **NOT.**
MAYBE YOU WERE SO
WRETCHED EVEN
HELL DIDN'T WANT
YOU.

AND AS
FOR THIS BETWEEN
YOU AND SHADE BEING
A LONG STORY, THAT'S
NO EXCUSE. HE'S A
VILLAIN...AT LEAST
HE WAS.

HE
SAVED
YOUR
LIFE.

I KNOW. I KNOW.
BUT IN **THIS**
SITUATION, I CAN'T
ALLOW THAT TO
MESS WITH MY
JUDGMENT.

SO YOU HAVE
A LONG STORY
TO TELL WHICH MIGHT
HELP ME MAKE UP MY
MIND ABOUT WHAT IT IS
I'M **SUPPOSED** TO DO
WITH YOU...THEN **ME,** I
HAVE ALL THE TIME IN
THE WORLD TO
LISTEN...

DAMN.
CELLULAR.



HELLO?
YEAH, CLARENCE,
MATT'S WITH ME. YOU
WANT **BOTH** OF US?
WHAT IS IT...



"...WHAT'S
WRONG?"



I
WAS ONLY
HERE A FEW
HOURS BEFORE
WITH MIKAAL.

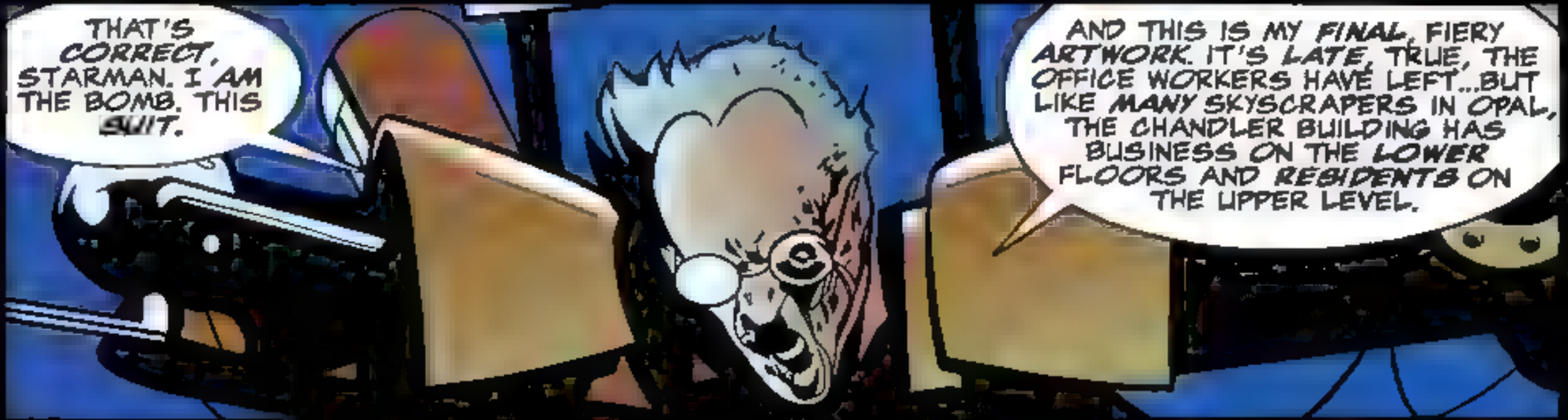
AND
THEN DR. PIP
APPEARED.

DOES
HE HAVE A
BOMB?

HE
IS THE
BOMB.



THAT'S CORRECT, STARMAN. I AM THE BOMB. THIS SUIT.



AND THIS IS MY FINAL, FIERY ARTWORK. IT'S LATE TRUE, THE OFFICE WORKERS HAVE LEFT...BUT LIKE MANY SKYSCRAPERS IN OPAL, THE CHANDLER BUILDING HAS BUSINESS ON THE LOWER FLOORS AND RESIDENTS ON THE UPPER LEVEL.

HOW MANY LEVELS? TEN OR ELEVEN?

FOURTEEN.

YOUR "BOMB SUIT" WILL REACH UP TO THE CHANDLER'S UPPER FLOORS, FROM DOWN HERE IN THE FOYER? NONE OF YOUR OTHER BLASTS WERE THAT BIG.



NO, BUT THIS IS TO BE MY LAST HURRAH. BIG? YOU HAVE NO IDEA.



WHY? WHY KILL YOURSELF? WHY DO ANY OF THIS FOR THAT MATTER?

A HUSBAND WANTED HIS WIFE DEAD.

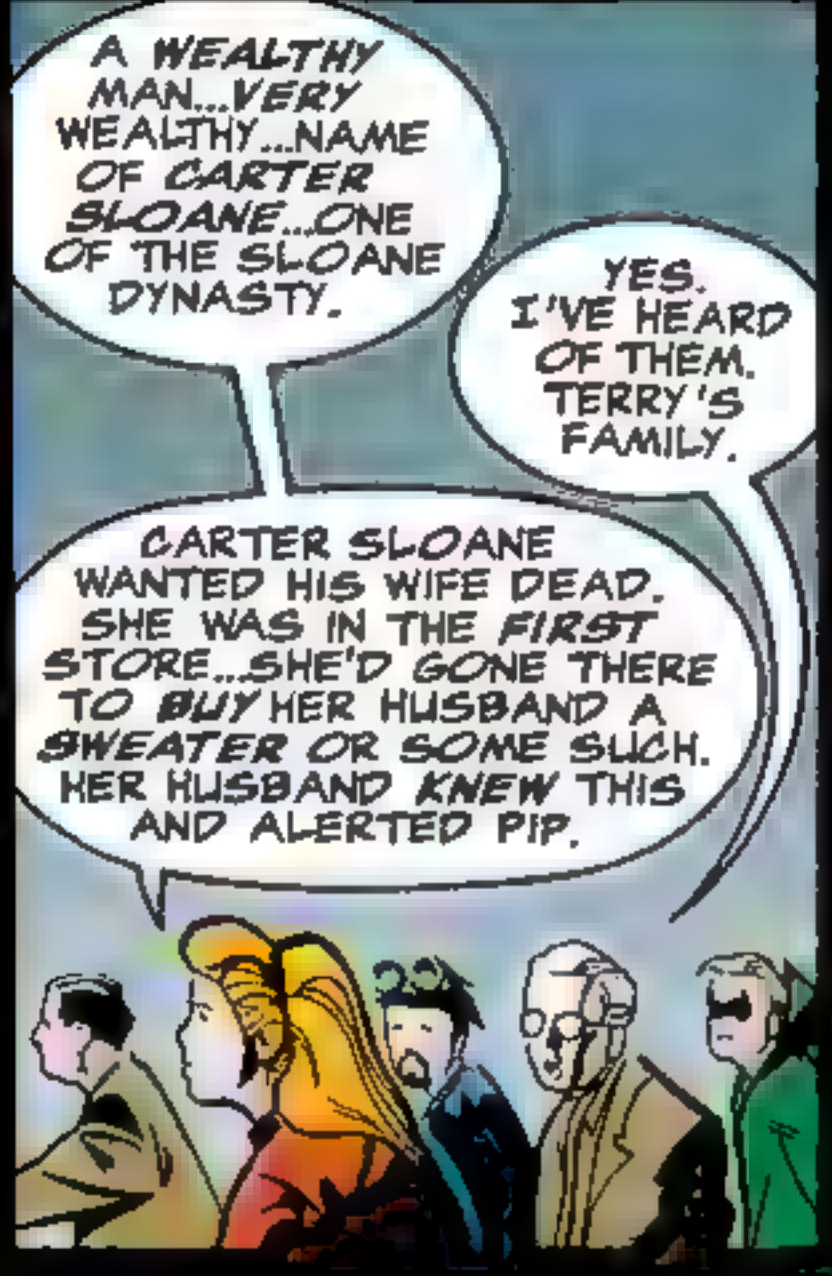
OH, SOMEONE HAS A BRAIN. WHAT DID YOU DIG UP, MY DEAR?



A WEALTHY MAN...VERY WEALTHY...NAME OF CARTER SLOANE...ONE OF THE SLOANE DYNASTY.

YES. I'VE HEARD OF THEM. TERRY'S FAMILY.

CARTER SLOANE WANTED HIS WIFE DEAD. SHE WAS IN THE FIRST STORE...SHE'D GONE THERE TO BUY HER HUSBAND A SWEATER OR SOME SUCH. HER HUSBAND KNEW THIS AND ALERTED PIP.



BRAVO.

SLOANE WANTED ME TO CONTINUE THE CAMPAIGN OF TERROR, TO FURTHER DIVERT ATTENTION AWAY FROM HIS WIFE'S DEATH.



HE TOLD ME TO KEEP BOMBING UNTIL HE WAS SATISFIED. WITH EACH BOMB THE AMOUNT HE AGREED TO PAY ME WENT UP, SO I WAS MORE THAN HAPPY TO OBLIGE.

AND IN ANSWER TO YOUR OTHER QUESTIONS. YES, THIS BOMB WILL AFFECT THE UPPER LEVELS OF THE CHANDLER. IT'S A VERY BIG BOMB.

AND I'VE STUDIED THE STRUCTURAL FRAMEWORK OF THE BUILDING. I'M CERTAIN THIS BOMB WILL SHATTER ENOUGH CRUCIAL AREAS OF SUPPORT THAT THE WHOLE BUILDING WILL COME DOWN.

THIS WILL CAUSE MORE DEATH IN THE STREETS AND OTHER NEARBY BUILDINGS.

OH, AND I'D KEEP THE POLICE AT BAY, ESPECIALLY THE MARKSMEN. THE BOMB IS LINKED TO MY PULSE. IF I DIE IT BLOWS.

BUT WHY? WHY KILL YOURSELF?

WHY? BECAUSE THANKS TO STARMAN AND THAT PIRATE ENTITY, I GOT CAUGHT IN MY OWN BLAST.

WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE BECAUSE THIS SUIT IS COVERING IT, IS THE MESS YOU MADE OF MY LOWER EXTREMITIES. MY LIVER, KIDNEYS. MY LUNGS ARE PACKING IT IN.

IN A NUTSHELL I'M DYING. IN FACT I'M SO LACED WITH MORPHINE FOR THE PAIN, I DOUBT I'LL FEEL THIS FINAL BLAST WHEN I ACTIVATE IT.

AT LEAST LET US GET THE OLD PEOPLE AND THE BABIES OUT.

NO. NO. BABIES ARE TOO YOUNG TO KNOW WHAT THEY'LL MISS AND THE OLD ARE CLOSE TO THE END, ANYWAY.

YOU ALL HAVE BUT A MOMENT MORE TO MAKE YOUR PEACE.

TEK



NOT IF
I CAN **BLAST**
YOUR SUIT TO
PIECES BEFORE
YOU--



HUH?

IT'S
NOT
WORKING!



HERE.
IF I CAN
SMOTHER
THE BLAST,
MAYBE...



MY POWERS!

IN OPAL, A
MAD THING
PLAYS WITH
FIRE.

AND IN OTHER
CITIES, THE
CAUSE AND
EFFECT OF
CRAZY
SCENARIOS
PLAY OUT,
GOOD AGAINST
BAD.

AND
ELSEWHERE
AGAIN...

ELSEWHERE...

GOD IS
DYING.

HEROES TRY TO SAVE
THE ONE LIFE THAT
MATTERS. THE HEROES
WHO STILL CAN. BUT
MANY WHOSE POWERS
ARE KISSED BY GOD'S
TOUCH HAVE SEEN THEIR
POWERS DIE ALONG
WITH THE SOURCE.



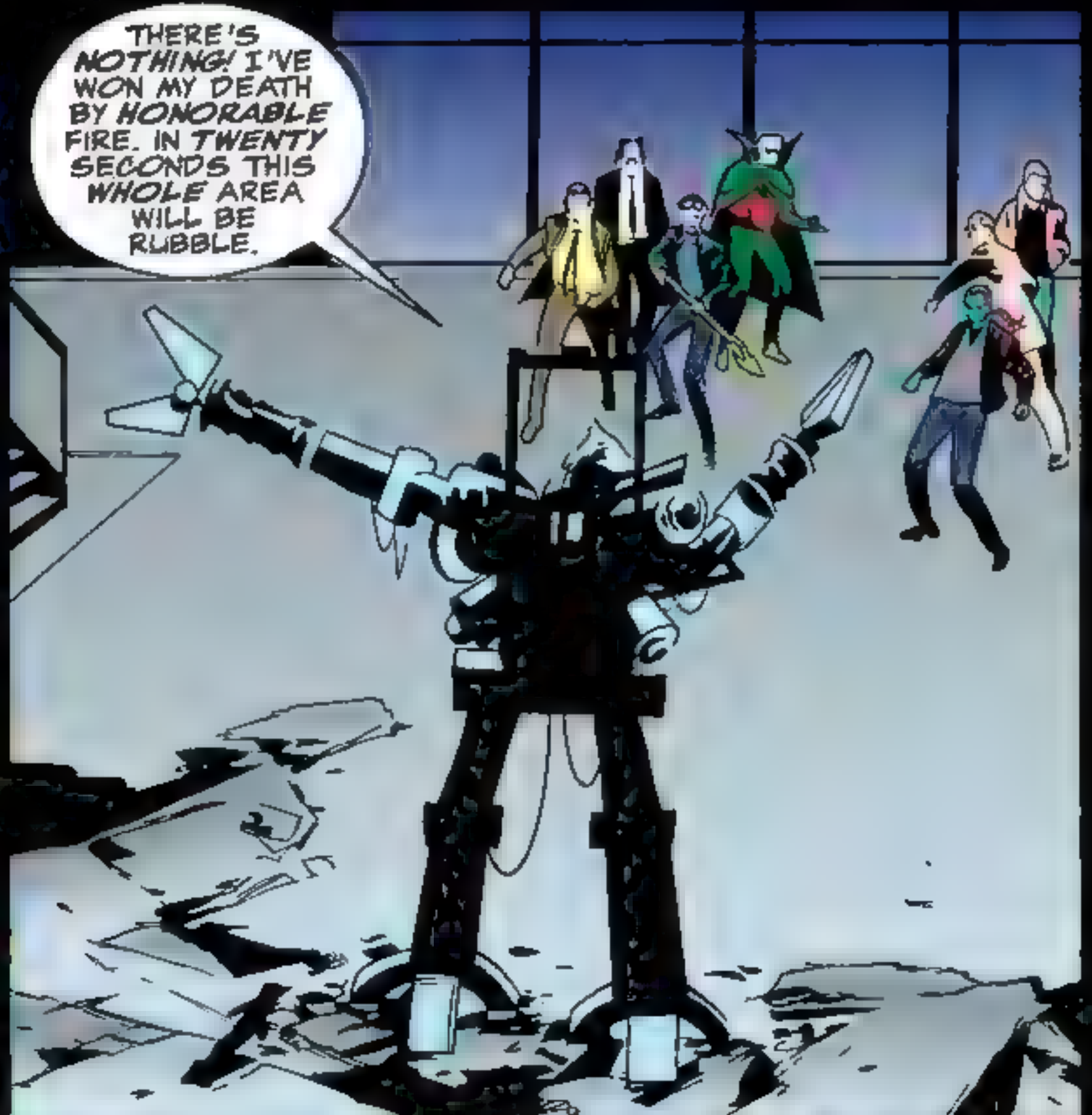
SOME HEROES
KNOW THIS...

...OTHER HEROES
DON'T.

OUR
POWERS HAVE
GONE!

WHAT
CAN WE
DO?

THERE'S
NOTHING! I'VE
WON MY DEATH
BY HONORABLE
FIRE. IN TWENTY
SECONDS THIS
WHOLE AREA
WILL BE
RUBBLE.



CLARENCE, GET
YOUR MEN BACK!
YOU GO, TOO. YOU
GOT A WIFE.

WE
SHOULD
ALL...




WHAT?
RUN? HOW FAR
WOULD YOU GET IN
FIFTEEN, FOURTEEN,
THIRTEEN, TWELVE
SECONDS?

FACE IT!
THERE'S
NOTHING ANY
OF YOU CAN
DO!

I
TRUST
WHEN YOU SAY
THAT...





...YOU
ARE NOT
REFERRING TO
ME.

"...MANY WHOSE POWERS
ARE KISSED BY GOD'S
TOUCH HAVE SEEN THEIR
POWERS DIE..."

THAT'S
TRUE.

OF COURSE, THERE ARE
OTHERS WHOSE POWERS GOD
WANTS NOTHING TO DO WITH.

YOU,
I TAKE IT,
ARE PIP.



WHO...
WHO ARE
YOU?

MY
IDENTITY
ISN'T A
FACTOR
HERE.

YOU,
ON THE
OTHER
HAND...

...YOU
BOMB MY
CITY. YOU KILL
ITS CITIZENS.

MY
OPAL!

YOU
HURT MY
OPAL!



YOU
WORM!

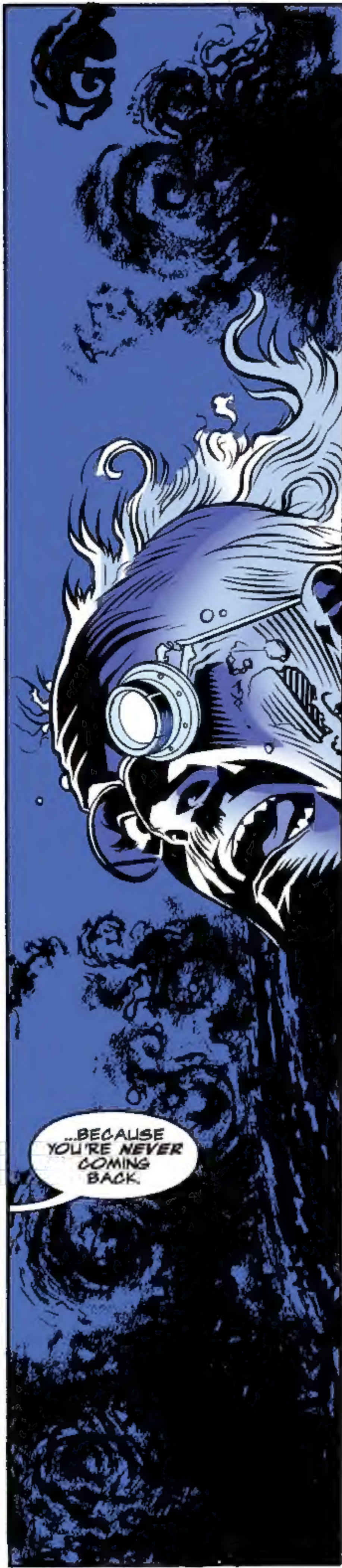


YOU
FILTHY
GERM!



YOUR
BOMB WILL
DESTROY THIS
BUILDING?
PAH!

WHERE YOU
AND YOUR INFERNAL
SUIT ARE GOING
NEITHER OF YOU
WILL DO MUCH OF
ANYTHING.

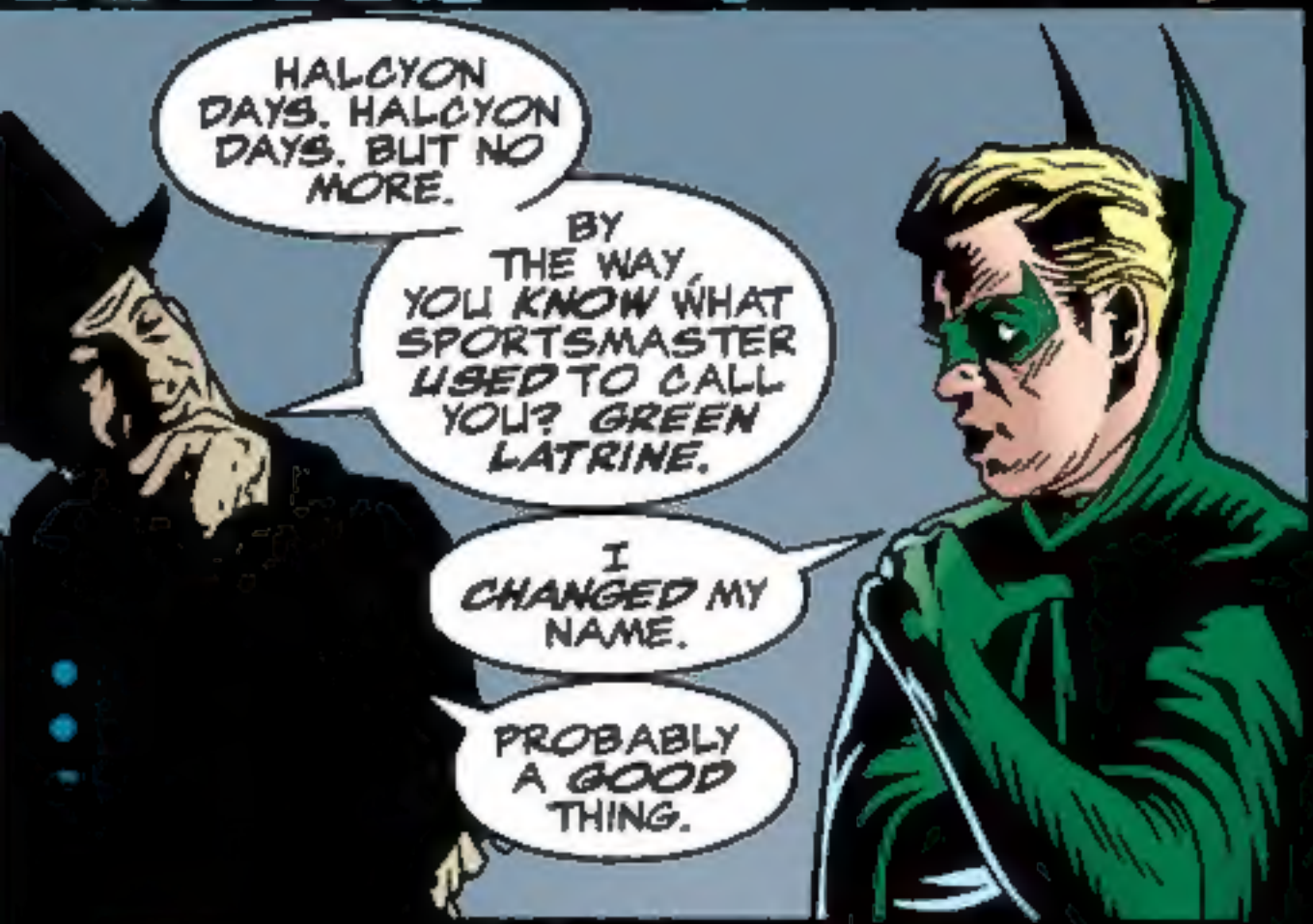




WELL...
...THAT'S
THAT.

PLEASE,
ALL OF YOU,
EXCUSE MY BEHAVIOR, BUT
THIS PIP FELLOW... BOMBING
AND ALL... HE RAISED MY IRE.
SOMETHING SELDOM
DONE.

I
THOUGHT YOU WERE A
VILLAIN, SHADE. I FOUGHT
YOU... YOU FOUGHT THE
JUSTICE SOCIETY.



HALCYON
DAYS. HALCYON
DAYS. BUT NO
MORE.

BY
THE WAY,
YOU KNOW WHAT
SPORTSMAN
USED TO CALL
YOU? GREEN
LATRINE.

I
CHANGED MY
NAME.

PROBABLY
A GOOD
THING.



SORRY I WAS SO
LATE. BELIEVE ME, I
WOULD HAVE HELPED YOU
WITH THIS PIP FELLOW
EARLIER, BUT I
WAS AWAY.

I VISITED
THE TOWN OF LUDLOW
MASSACHUSETTES. IT'S
NO OPAL, I CAN ASSURE YOU.
AN ONGOING PROBLEM OF
MINE NEEDED SEEING TO. A
FAMILY THAT PLAGUES ME
FROM TIME TO TIME.



BUT
NOW I'M
BACK AND PIP
HAS GONE.
THINGS ARE
AS THEY
SHOULD BE.

SHADE.
THANK YOU. OPAL
THANKS YOU.



NOW THE
ONLY QUESTION
THAT NEEDS
ANSWERING...

...IS
WHAT HAPPENED
TO OUR
POWER?

THE END

Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT
AWESOME
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP